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THE UNLITERARY TEMPERAMENT.

There is a familiar classification of men that divides them into idealists and realists, or Platonists and Aristotelians. They might also be somewhat similarly divided into those who look out on life through the window of literature, and those who look out on literature through the window of life; or those who never can get the full flavor of an action or event till it is served up with a literary sauce, and those who find no relish in a piece of literature till its substance is placed before them in concrete and tangible form. As to which of the two windows above-named offers the fairer and wider and richer view, there is room for difference of opinion. Through which one the objects seen are less distorted by imperfections in the panes of glass, might be considered less open to dispute. A third question, whether the literary or the unliterary person will write the better books, seems at first capable of but one answer, and that in favor of the man of letters. But let us pause and reflect.

Professor Kuno Francke has of late been cheering his soul with the glad vision of a dawning German renaissance, a new birth of Teutonic literature and art; *quod bonum faustum felix fortunatumque sit*, say we, with old Livy. The Germans, however, are by common consent the most inveterately bookish of all nations; and in creative literature there is more hope of an unlettered backwoodsman than of a pedantic bookman. The Germans are unsurpassed as lexicographers and encyclopædia-makers; they write the most learned and elaborate *prolegomena* to still more erudite and exhaustive studies of all things that eye hath seen, or ear heard, or that have entered into the heart of man; they publish huge *Bearbeitungen* (belaborings) of earlier books that are only a little less ponderous; they philosophize voluminously on being and not-being, on the pure reason and the practical reason, on the finite act or object as viewed under the appearance of eternity; they refine on the categories till one is lost in amazement at the fearful and wonderful subtlety of the human brain; and they translate and edit, compile and revise, annotate and elucidate, till the wonder is that the very presses do not break

down from excess of toil. In the zeal of scholarship one German philologist will wax wroth at another and shed whole bottles of ink in the battle over a disputed iota subscript in Euripides; or he will consecrate his life to the study of the dative case in Dionysius of Halicarnassus, or to counting the occurrences of the cognate accusative in the post-classical Latin poets. In short, your Berlin or Leipzig university professor will put into book form everything imaginable except what will make a book such as one would ever dream of reading, from cover to cover, in preference to eating or sleeping.

Even the giants of German literature, Goethe and Schiller and Lessing, are by no means free from bookishness in the sense that Shakespeare and Chaucer and Scott and Tolstoy are free from its taint. How much of Homer's charm is due to the fresh free atmosphere he breathes! How little bookish is Cervantes! How unspoiled by study the style of Defoe, of Bret Harte, of Mrs. Stowe in "Uncle Tom's Cabin," of Mark Twain in all his books, of Robert Louis Stevenson in the best of his! On the other hand, who but scholars can thoroughly enjoy Virgil or Dante or Milton, Dryden or Pope, Keats or Browning? Even Tennyson appeals less irresistibly to the great public than does our simpler and homelier Longfellow.

Is there anything in the world of letters more astonishing than the wild fancy that the bookman Bacon, learned author of the *Novum Organum* and the *De Sapientia Veterum*, could by any feat of intellectual gymnastics have written the plays of Shakespeare — could have even remotely conceived such characters as Dogberry and Verges, Falstaff and Dame Quickly, Katherine and Beatrice, Juliet's nurse and Lear's fool? Bacon's was a wonderful mind, but he had not Shakespeare's unlitrary temperament, the mind not sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought. When it shall have been proved that John Locke, for example, wrote the Waverley Novels (which would seem to be a psychological as well as a chronological impossibility), then we will listen to arguments demonstrating the Baconian authorship of Shakespeare.

The litrary temperament is much given to juggling with words, and very pretty play it often is; but in the end, as was said of Gladstone, words have a way of juggling with the juggler, which is as contrary to the fitness of things as for the tail to wag the dog. The unlitrary man deals with *things*: he craves actualities and will not be put off with their

symbols. At the ordination of Charles Francis Barnard, of whom the lamented Francis Tiffany wrote so excellent a memoir, William Ellery Channing spoke a true word. Its application is broader than the special occasion of its utterance. "The poor," said Channing, "are generally ignorant, but in some respects they are better critics than the rich, and make greater demands on their teachers. They can only be brought and held together by a preaching which fastens their attention, or pierces their consciences, or moves their hearts. They are no critics of words, but they know when they are touched or roused, and by this test, a far truer one than you find in fastidious congregations, they judge the minister and determine whether to follow or forsake him."

What is it that gives so undying a charm, so satisfying a reality, to some autobiographies, but the fact that they are written by unlitrary yet not ungifted men? John Woolman's journal, Wesley's account of his itinerant ministry, Cellini's frankly egotistic life of himself, Grant's modestly direct and simple "Personal Memoirs" — it is books like these that, in Luther's phrase, have hands and feet and take powerful hold on us. How present and real does Grant seem to the reader when he explains in his preface the circumstances attending the writing of his book. "At this juncture," he says, "the editor of the *Century Magazine* asked me to write a few articles for him. I consented for the money it gave me; for at that moment I was living upon borrowed money. The work I found congenial, and I determined to continue it." Again, in the later pages of the narrative, most agreeable is it to read what occurred when Lee called upon Grant to get the terms of surrender for his army. "Our conversation grew so pleasant," declares the unelated conqueror, "that I almost forgot the object of our meeting." Dr. Charles Conrad Abbott somewhere says of his boyhood friend and hero, Miles Overfield, whose mind hugged the things of daily life with extraordinary tenacity: "Since his primer was tossed aside with a shout of joy, as of a prisoner set free, his eyes had seldom rested on a printed page, and never quite understandingly; yet Miles Overfield, though unlettered, was not unlearned."

There is one glory of the litrary temperament, and another glory of the unlitrary; and which is the more radiant no man will ever be able to say. The artful charm of Walter Pater, of Charles Lamb, of Cicero and of Horace, is so seductive that in their genial company one won-

ders that other and ruder and simpler entertainers should ever be desired. Why turn one's back for a moment on these aristocrats and seek plebeian society? Some novelist (was it Anthony Trollope?) has pictured a pampered epicure who at times was overcome with so violent a craving for a crust of dry bread and an onion that he would slyly procure these homely edibles, shut himself up in his room, and, locking the door even against his valet, would in stealthy privacy regale himself on the unaccustomed simple fare, before he could be induced once more to return to the elaborate diet of his ordinary life. The bread and onions of literature the healthy mind persists in demanding after a surfeit of banqueting on more artfully prepared viands. It is as if the intellect needed this occasional reminder to check its arrogance and recall it to the level of common things. The most aspiring balloonist cannot sever his connection with earth: panting for breath in the rarefied atmosphere of the upper regions, he is forced to open the valve and descend to a denser stratum. Mr. Howells's account of Lowell's finding, in the failing health of his last years, a singular solace in Scott's novels, a comfort such as no other fiction could afford, is more than a little significant. Lowell's was preëminently the literary, Sir Walter's the unliterary, or, perhaps better, the unbookish, temperament.

IK MARVEL.

In that glad time before literature had burdened itself with the problems of modern life and society, and before essayists had conceived it necessary, in order to get themselves read, to write in a style that would have made Quintilian stare and gasp, and to startle their readers by roundly asserting that whatever is wrong and that what the world has so long held true and beautiful is in reality false and ugly, we used to take innocent delight in Ik Marvel's gentle utterances on "Dream Life," in his "Reveries of a Bachelor," and in his agricultural experiences at Edgewood. Before ultra-cynicism and super-sophistication became so much the fashion, we enjoyed, unabashed and unashamed, his charming pen-portrait of "A Good Wife," his peaceful meditations "over a wood fire" and "by a city gate," and his harmless pre-matrimonial theorizing on the subject of love, "whether" (in the words of Plotinus as quoted by Burton) "it be a God, or a divell, or passion of the minde, or partly God, partly divell, partly passion." Those days are past; but it is comforting to note that there is still a considerable demand (as evidenced by abundant cheap reprints) for the two little books that first made "Ik Marvel"

known to the world, and that will do more than all his subsequent works — now credited to Donald G. Mitchell — to keep his memory green.

To young Mitchell's frail constitution, which could not endure the rigors of the law, on the study of which he had entered in New York, we owe his devotion to the manifestly far more congenial pursuit of literature interspersed with farming and travel. Threatened men live long; and so it was that the physically defective young writer, nursing his pulmonary weakness at first on his grandfather Woodbridge's farm at Salem, Connecticut, and later in Europe and on his own estate of Edgewood, lived to number his birthdays well into the eighties — being, in fact, when death overtook him the other day, not far from eighty-seven years old. This turning to excellent account of a need for fresh air and an unconfined country life was characteristic of all Mr. Mitchell's achievement. Familiarity with the soil and crops and farm animals led to a literary connection with the Albany "Cultivator" (now "The Country Gentleman"), and a journey to Europe in search of health in 1848 resulted in "The Battle Summer," an account of turbulent scenes in Paris during that season of revolution. A previous European visit had already supplied material for "Fresh Gleanings." For at least three of his books he did not have to stir beyond Edgewood to find material; and that he could gain inspiration from his wood fire, his grate of burning coal, or even from his cigar (which his "Aunt Tabithy" so cordially hated), the most popular of his books has made abundantly evident. His brief Venetian consulship he planned to put to literary use by collecting materials for a history of Venice; but whether the shortness of his sojourn allowed him insufficient time for the needed study and research, or whether, as is far more likely, the writing of formal history proved uncongenial to him, he never carried out his intention. Less profitable, therefore, in a literary way did this appointment prove than in the case of one of his successors in office a few years later, the author of "Venetian Life" and "Italian Journeys."

In this passing notice of Mr. Mitchell's work as an author, reference should be made to his one novel, "Dr. Johns," the story of a New England country parsonage, which appeared originally in "The Atlantic Monthly," but which probably very few of this generation have read. The "Atlantic" stamp is warrant of literary excellence, but the story did not convince the world that its author was a great novelist. Neither did his much later essays in literary criticism show him to be a very original or very penetrating critic of others' work. "English Lands, Letters, and Kings" and "American Lands and Letters" are stimulating and highly readable, but hardly more than that. The collection of sketches entitled "Seven Stories with Basement and Attic" is drawn from the author-traveller's "plethoric little note books" of European wanderings, three of the little narratives being French in

theme, one Swiss, one Italian, and one Irish. Probably it is true that, as has been alleged, our young men would not care to write in this style to-day; and probably it is also true that they could not if they wished to.

The style and methods of Ik Marvel tend to recall Washington Irving; they also remind one of George William Curtis as we see him in "Prue and I," and they more or less vividly bring back the days of Paulding, Halleck, Willis, Bryant, Bayard Taylor, and their fellow-craftsmen in letters. A precious link with the past has been severed, and the world of literature is left the poorer. Yet undoubtedly our loss is the less keenly felt from the fact that the dead author's best and most characteristic work was done half a century before he died. In fact it is sixty-one years since "Fresh Gleanings" made its appearance, and fifty-eight since the "Reveries" first delighted a wide circle of readers. Mr. Mitchell's place in American literature was so securely fixed long before his death that he might almost be said to have survived his fame—a not altogether enviable fate.

Appropriate for quotation in any obituary notice of Ik Marvel are the subjoined sentences from his own "Dream Life." The passage occurs in the introductory chapter.

"What is Reverie, and what are these Day-dreams, but fleecy cloud-drifts that float eternally, and eternally change shapes, upon the great over-arching sky of thought? You may seize the strong outlines that the passion breezes of to-day shall throw into their figures; but to-morrow may breed a whirlwind that will chase swift, gigantic shadows over the heaven of your thought, and change the whole landscape of your life.

"Dream-land will never be exhausted, until we enter the land of dreams; and until, in 'shuffling off this mortal coil,' thought will become fact, and all facts will be only thought.

"As it is, I can conceive no mood of mind more in keeping with what is to follow upon the grave, than those fancies which warp our frail hulks toward the ocean of the Infinite; and that so sublimate the realities of this being, that they seem to belong to that shadowy realm, where every day's journey is leading."

It may be a fanciful thought, but it seems not unfitting that the author of "Dream Life" and "Reveries of a Bachelor" and "Fudge Doings" should have chosen "Marvel" for a pseudonym. The very name is a protest against the *nil admirari* spirit, the *blasé* cynicism, the unenthusiastic temperament of the worldly wise, which were so conspicuously and so refreshingly lacking in Donald G. Mitchell. He felt warmly, and was not afraid to show his feeling; and for that we like him.

CASUAL COMMENT.

INSUFFICIENT EDUCATIONAL ENDOWMENTS give rise, every now and then, to startling and humiliating comparisons. For example, the trustees of the University of Pennsylvania, deploring the unsubstantial financial foundation on which that famous old institution of learning rests, call attention to the

fact that the great and wealthy State of Pennsylvania—richer, several times over, than all New England—has in her educational history provided endowments for education that would, collectively, about suffice to build two modern battle-ships. And it is proposed to ask the legislature to make biennial grants of half a million until, with funds raised from other sources, the University shall have an endowment commensurate with its needs. That is all very well; but we have a far better scheme to propose. Legislative purse-strings are inclined to tie themselves into hard knots when poor colleges and universities and state libraries, and other like beneficent institutions, come a-begging up the capitol steps. Now a sure and speedy financial return would accrue if all our leading universities would but suspend for a few years, or even for one year, those lesser activities that have to do with books and lectures and laboratories and examination-papers, and would give their undistracted attention to the larger interests of the football field and the baseball nine. By a carefully-planned and properly advertised series of inter-university football and baseball championship games, with reserved-seat and admission charges placed at a sufficiently high figure, the great sport-loving public could be made to endow all our higher institutions of learning, and everyone would have a grand good time in the process. On the morning after the late Harvard-Dartmouth contest on the gridiron at Cambridge, it was reported that forty thousand spectators were present. The privilege of spectatorship cost about a dollar and a half—perhaps more if one occupied a favored position. If sixty thousand dollars, more or less, were to flow into the college treasury with every match game played on its campus, what would there be to prevent the speedy filling of that treasury? Our solution of what has so long been regarded as a grave problem is so simple and so satisfactory that we wonder it has not occurred to anyone before. But the greatest inventions are always the simplest.

WORLD-LANGUAGES TO SUIT ALL TASTES, unless one's taste is unreasonably exacting, have now been provided. Choice may be made from a long list of tongues, ingeniously and scientifically formed, and most delightfully free from exceptions. There are, for example, Volaptuk, Lingua, Panroman, Interpretor, Esperanto, Ido, and Tutonish. This last ought to appeal irresistibly to Teutons and Anglo-Saxons, including, of course, Americans. Its inventor, one Elias Molee, is a Norwegian, and his aim has been to compound a sort of Anglo-Germanico-Hollando-Scandinavian compromise speech—a kind of North-European linguistic hash the scoffer may unkindly call it—for North-European use especially. He thinks his predecessors in the fascinating art of language-manufacture have been too ambitious: they have selected their ingredients predominantly from the romance languages and then tried to impose their latinized compound on Teutonic peoples, or

they have proceeded the other way about. Mr. Molee is less ambitious: he gives us a tongue comprehensible almost without study over a broad belt of two continents, and does not trouble himself unduly with the rest of the world. But the rest of the world must be reckoned with. Why has it never occurred to anyone to develop the large possibilities of pigeon-English as an inter-continental, not to say an inter-hemispherical, medium of communication? Already it serves as a sort of linguistic bond between the white and the yellow races. Let the Mongols prevail on their neighbors the Slavs to start correspondence schools for the teaching of this simple, flexible, picturesque, and pleasing tongue; let the English avail themselves of their present cordial understanding with France to introduce the ancient and honored Anglo-Chinese commercial language into southern Europe; let the colonies and dependencies of England and America extend and widen the sway of pigeon-English over all the rest of the habitable globe, — and very soon our observation, with extensive view, will see mankind, from China to Peru, discoursing together in happy harmony and enjoying all but millennial blessings.

LIGHTS OF LITERATURE AS VIEWED BY CONTEMPORARIES have not always been of dazzling brightness. Often these stars in the literary firmament twinkled so feebly to the upturned telescope that it is hard to believe them the same as those luminous bodies now so resplendent to the naked eye. But occasionally an instance is found of a writer of genius whose genius received early and full recognition. From the English literary periodical entitled "The Author," which publishes monthly a "contemporary criticism," it is pleasant to quote a few lines of "The Quarterly Review's" notice of "Poems by Alfred Tennyson, pp. 163, London, 12mo, 1833." For lavish praise couched in somewhat old-time phraseology, the review is really a masterpiece. "This is," says the reviewer, "as some of his marginal notes intimate, Mr. Tennyson's second appearance. By some strange chance we have never seen his first publication, which, if it at all resembles its younger brother, must be by this time so popular that any notice of it on our part would seem idle and presumptuous; but we gladly seize this opportunity of repairing an unintentional neglect, and of introducing to the admiration of our more sequestered readers a new prodigy of genius — another and a brighter star of that galaxy or milky way of poetry of which the lamented Keats was the harbinger. . . . We have to offer Mr. Tennyson our tribute of unmingled approbation, and it is very agreeable to us, as well as to our readers, that our present task will be little more than the selection, for their delight, of a few specimens of Mr. Tennyson's singular genius, and the venturing to point out, now and then, the peculiar brilliancy of some of the gems that irradiate his poetical crown." When sugar and honey of this sort are offered by a

Quarterly Reviewer to a young poet of only twenty-four, surely that young poet is either more or less than human if he is not straightway convinced that this world we live in is the very best possible world.

A PUBLIC LIBRARY OF PURE FICTION — that is, of nothing but fiction, pure or impure — in its own special building, and with its own trained librarian and attendants, is a development that seems to Dr. Louis N. Wilson, librarian of Clark University, not only worth serious consideration, but in a high degree desirable. "The tendency among librarians," he is reported as saying, "as among other educational institutions to-day, is to specialize, and I would give the fiction library full recognition. . . . With properly trained attendants in this field it would be possible to classify fiction, and even to paste in each volume a typewritten list of other books dealing with similar subjects to be found in the library. Thus historical novels would contain a list of the best histories of the countries referred to, or biographies of the characters mentioned, or histories of battles, and so on." And let us also suggest that psychological novels might contain a complete bibliography of the literature of psychology in all languages, and sociological novels might contain a catalogue of the social-science studies of Carey and Maine and Spencer and their thousand and one predecessors and successors, and religious novels might have a manuscript appendix giving the names of especially entertaining works in dogmatic theology and theological controversy. But do we really wish to take our pleasure so seriously as all that, Anglo-Saxons though most of us are? The systematic study of English prose fiction as a university elective somehow has an element almost — perhaps not quite — of absurdity in it, and the solemn dedication of a library building to the art of the story-writer would lack a certain element of dignity. Novel-reading is by no means to be frowned down or discouraged, but it will probably continue to flourish in the future, as it has flourished in the past, without elaborate bibliographical aids or a specially designed architectural environment.

THE CRUELTY OF BIOGRAPHERS in making merchantable copy out of those modestly shrinking but irresistibly fascinating men and women of mark who have professed a vehement unwillingness to be biographized (the word is not in the dictionary, but it ought to be), will manifest itself as long as biography continues to be one of the most attractive and best selling forms of literary composition, as well as one of the easiest for the average writer to supply in a tolerably acceptable fashion. The more urgently a great man begs that the memory of him may be interred with his bones, the more insistently will the greedy and curious public demand the publication of his life, while those who would fain see themselves go down to posterity in two volumes octavo (in the 920-class of Mr. Dewey's decimal system) are nearly always destined to speedy oblivion. Sir Leslie Stephen

publicly expressed his disinclination to be made the subject of a biography, and his published life was one of the best and most popular books of the season. Mr. Whistler, in a fragment of autobiography written twelve years ago, made a picturesque struggle against his all-too-probable fate. "Determined," he declares, "that no mendacious scamp shall tell the foolish truths about me when centuries have gone by, and anxiety no longer pulls at the pen of the 'pupil' who would sell the soul of his master, I now proceed to take the wind out of such speculator by immediately furnishing myself the fiction of my own biography, which shall remain and is the story of my life." And now, as inevitable sequel to the Pennell biography of the dead artist, his sister-in-law, who is also his sole executrix and residuary legatee, writes to the London "Times" a lively letter of protest, which will of course defeat its own purpose by increasing the sale of the life of the modest Mr. Whistler.

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THE FURNESS VARIORUM SHAKESPEARE, begun thirty-seven years ago with the issue of "Romeo and Juliet," has advanced to the sixteenth volume, "Richard the Third"; but with this latest publication the editorship passes from Dr. Horace Howard Furness to his son, Mr. Horace Howard Furness, Jr., who, born and bred in an atmosphere of Shakespearean studies, and early catching the Shakespeare enthusiasm that has possessed his father ever since the latter, at fourteen years of age, heard Fanny Kemble in one of her Shakespeare readings, steps naturally into the place voluntarily vacated by his father, and undertakes to carry to completion the great work now nearly half finished. The delights rather than the drudgery of such work as this will present themselves to the imagination of most readers in handling these inviting volumes; but that the task entails a vast deal of downright hard work admits of no question. If an editor has to collate the eight quarto and four folio editions of a play, besides all the more important later editions, and is obliged to read perhaps two or three hundred volumes containing commentaries on or references to the play, then a variorum editorship becomes no sinecure. To verify a single quotation perhaps the better part of a library has to be ransacked. In tracing to its exact source one line quoted by Knight as illustrating a passage in "Macbeth," Mr. Furness read twenty-seven of Beaumont and Fletcher's plays. A work in which a single footnote of two lines may represent a month's toil is surely a work to be viewed with respect. The completion of the Furness Variorum Shakespeare will be an achievement of which American scholarship may well be proud.

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HUNGARIAN IMPRESSIONS OF AMERICAN CULTURE, as well as of some things in America not coming under the head of culture, are readably presented by Monseigneur Count Vaya de Vaya and Luskod, who has paid two visits to our shores and has caught more than a passing glimpse of the *genus*

homo Americanus in his native habitat. Like most foreigners who have paid us the compliment of a "write-up"—but not exactly like Mrs. Trollope and Charles Dickens—he expresses himself as pleased with what he has seen. Standing, for example, in Copley Square, Boston, he was stimulated and edified by those two monuments to letters and art, the Boston Public Library and the Museum of Fine Arts. They are, to his thinking, unique among their kind and most forcibly expressive of the mental qualities of the cultured Bostonian. After extended observation and comparison, the courteous count reaches the conclusion that our American Athens is still pre-eminently the city of culture, while New York represents wealth, and Chicago commercial activity. Furthermore—and perhaps here he lays on the honey with a trowel—"Bostonians are always easily recognizable. They have an unmistakable stamp, entirely their own, which, when travelling abroad, distinguishes them at once as citizens of New England. Being reserved by nature, it is perhaps not always easy to get to know them intimately; but one cannot come in contact with them without being conscious of their innate refinement." This praise is, to be sure, sectional and partial; but if, as has been seriously maintained, Boston is not so much a geographical location as it is a state of mind, what is to prevent the country at large from meriting and appropriating the Hungarian count's graceful encomium?

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THUMB-PRINTS FOR SIGNATURES are the latest things in dactylogy as practised in Cheyenne, in far-off Wyoming. Readers will remember the curious experiments and studies in finger-prints conducted by that original genius and shrewd philosopher, "Pudd'n Head Wilson." In Cheyenne, where foreigners of almost every known race and color are thicker than blackberries, and where every Pole or Bohemian or Lithuanian is as like to his fellow Pole or Bohemian or Lithuanian as is one blackberry to another, and where also few of these swarming sons of toil are expert with the pen, the bank in which many of them deposit their savings has taken a hint from Mark Twain's book and adopted a system of thumb-print signatures that is said to give satisfaction to all concerned. Instead of written names in every conceivable kind of alphabet and degree of illegibility, the immigrant depositors leave on file, not their mark, but their *smudge*—the impression made by touching the ball of the thumb (the right thumb, presumably) to an inked pad and then pressing it against a sheet of paper. These impressions—no two alike, and defying the most skilful forger—are to be seen also as signatures to checks, and so adept has the assistant cashier become in reading them that he can recognize a great number without referring to the record. Which all goes to prove that not only is there many a true word spoken in jest, but also many a useful and practical thought written in fiction.

A CHILDREN'S STORY-HOUR CONDUCTED BY CHILDREN is the latest thing in library work for the little ones. At the Pratt Institute Free Library, where three hours on as many days of each week are devoted to story-telling, "the most interesting development of the Friday evening story hour" (as the Librarian writes in her current Report) "was the establishment of two branches of the Junior Story Tellers' League, one for the boys of the Friday evening story hour and one for the girls. These meet on alternate Fridays after the regular story, and the children take entire charge of the proceedings, presiding, deciding, and telling stories. The only restriction is that they must let Miss Tyler know in advance what stories are to be told. No boy or girl has ever tried to 'be funny,' to tell a silly story, or in any way to disturb the meetings. . . . The club meetings have averaged twenty-five [in attendance]. The stories chosen have often been those already told in the regular story hour, and the retelling by a boy or girl is especially valuable to the story teller. The discipline, the self-control, even the amateur electioneering, have all been good for the children. One boy who wanted the presidency attempted to smooth the way to this important office by largess of candy, but he was ignominiously defeated — a real triumph of civic righteousness." The children's story-hour, for, by, and of the children, is certainly less open to some of Mr. Dana's recent objections than the children's hour conducted by library assistants.

STATE CERTIFICATION OF LIBRARIANS, like the similar certification of doctors and lawyers, of pilots and chauffeurs, and of numerous other more or less exalted semi-public officials, has much to recommend it. At a recent meeting of the Ohio Library Association the committee on legislation brought to the attention of the assembled library workers a bill that it had draughted and that contained the following provisions: The appointment of a state board of examiners of would-be librarians, the board to consist of five members, each member to serve five years and to receive his appointment from the state board of library commissioners. The examiners are to be all librarians in good and regular standing, and at least two of them must be women. Not fewer than two examinations shall be held each year, and, if possible, simultaneously in different parts of the state. Certificates shall be for a term of years, or for life to such as are found duly qualified. Library experience and also attendance at a library school shall receive credit as the examiners may determine. Other minor provisions follow in some detail. All this is well, and the public library spirit again shows itself to be active in Ohio, greatly to Ohio's credit. We may rest assured that the public library which once appointed as its librarian the lowest bidder in a competition for the combined librarianship and janitorship was not an Ohio public library; nor will any such system of appointment ever find favor in that enlightened commonwealth.

LETTING IN THE LIGHT on the foul spots of putridity and corruption is the first step toward a restoration of cleanness and sweetness and health. A new departure in journalism has been taken by San Francisco, that city of so wide and so unenviable a notoriety at the present moment. The "Municipal Record" shrinks not from revealing to the public all that is being done or left undone in the various departments of the city government. Every meeting of an official body is reported, awards of contracts are published, the names and salaries of new employees are made known. Spades are called spades, and graft is called graft. The "Record" was established in response to repeated and by no means unnatural demands from many quarters for such an organ of municipal publicity and frankness. An unvarnished, undistorted account of governmental activities was insisted upon. "Thus it may be," runs the plain and concise announcement, "that the publicity of such information may serve to stimulate the city's servants to extra endeavor, and possibly to incite appreciation by the citizen of all actions by the officials that are in any way commendable." Some such publication in every considerable city might well be started, and that too without waiting for the very strong and rather peculiar incentives that have operated in San Francisco.

A HUSKY YOUNG UNIVERSITY (if one may use Western slang to describe a Western institution) is the twenty-five-year-old University of Texas, which recently celebrated its quarter-centennial by inaugurating a new president, dedicating a new law building, holding a barbecue (of a Texas steer, undoubtedly), and indulging in a football game. These events occupied Thanksgiving Day and the day before, and were witnessed by a notable gathering of persons prominent in educational work. Sidney Edward Mezes, Ph.D., is the newly installed head of the University, and he was inducted into office with services in harmony with the time and place. Important, indeed, is the institution that stands at the head of the educational system of a State larger in territory than any European country except Russia, and destined in the not distant future to support a large population. But before that day arrives the recently suggested division of this vast territory into two or more States is likely to have been accomplished.

COMMUNICATION.

WHISTLER'S PORTRAIT OF HIS MOTHER.

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

In the article on Modern Painting, page 340 of the November 16 number of THE DIAL, Whistler's portrait of his mother is said to hang in the Louvre. It is not there, but in the Luxembourg. No paintings find place in the Louvre until ten years after the death of the artist who produces them.

LYDIA AVERY COONLEY WARD.

Dresden, Germany, December 4, 1908.

The New Books.

A GREAT ACTOR'S BIOGRAPHY.*

"Perhaps the saddest spot in the sad life of the actor," wrote Richard Mansfield, "is to be forgotten. Great paintings live to commemorate great painters; the statues of sculptors are their monuments; and books are the inscriptions of authors. But who shall say, when this generation has passed away, how Yorick played? When the curtain has fallen for the last time, and only the unseen spirit hovers in the wings, what book will speak of all the mummer did and suffered in his time?"

Mr. Paul Wilstach's biography of Mansfield goes far toward preserving our recollection of his consummate art, and gives us, besides, a faithful portrait of Mansfield the man—a portrait that does its distinguished original ample justice, without concealing those temperamental faults that marred his character. Taken as a whole, it is the most satisfying biography of a player of which the present reviewer has knowledge. The book itself, with its wealth of illustrations and its dignified binding, its clear type and fine paper, compels a word of favorable comment.

Richard Mansfield's father was Maurice Mansfield, a London wine merchant; his mother, a famous singer, Erminia Rudersdorff. Richard, their third child, was born on the 24th of May, 1857. The boy's public life began in his fourth year. His mother was dressing for a concert at the Crystal Palace. Refusals and threats only stimulated Richard's determination to accompany her. Finally, the imperious mother yielded to the imperious boy. He was hastily dressed in his best black velvet skirt and coat, a wide embroidered collar falling over his shoulders, and together they rattled away in her carriage. His mother's dressing room, the vastness of the stage, the lights, the strange noises and confusion, frightened the child and he clung close to his mother.

"When the stage manager came to the door to say that Madame's turn had arrived, and that the orchestra was waiting, she strode majestically forth, as was her custom, from her own room straight to the centre of the stage. Her appearance was greeted by a roar of applause, which she acknowledged with queenly bows. She did not observe a subdued ripple of laughter, however, and signalled the conductor to begin. The music quieted the applause, but it did not hush the increasing titter, of which she soon became painfully conscious.

* RICHARD MANSFIELD: THE MAN AND THE ACTOR. By Paul Wilstach. Illustrated. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Glancing about to see what could be the occasion, she discovered Richie, beside but somewhat behind her, frightened to stone, but firmly clutching the hem of her long train which his little hands had seized as she swept away from him into the presence of the audience."

Richard's father died in 1861. His mother's engagements in the first opera houses of Great Britain and Europe continued. As most of her time was spent upon the continent, it was decided that the children should be sent to Jena. There Richard and his brother Felix attended a private school, kept by a Professor Zenker, a famous master. Early in his school career Richard painted one of the class-room doors a vivid green, and in the high pride of his achievement signed his initials to his handiwork. The boy spent two years at the school *Am Graben*; then two years at Paul Vodos's school in the little town of Yvredon, in Switzerland; and later at Bourbourg, France. Early in 1869 he entered on the experience which in after years remained clearest as a retrospect of boyhood. He was sent to Derby School. Here he was distinguished in the athletic sports of the period, but not as a student; among the boys he was known as "Cork" Mansfield,—perhaps because of his remarkable feats as a swimmer. He did, however, become the star performer among the schoolboys on "Speech Day," acting his first role—Scapin, in Molière's "*Les Fourberies de Scapin*"—during his first year at the school. In the following year he appeared, on the same occasion, as Shylock; and the next year's Speech Day witnessed young Mansfield's acting in a German, a French, and three English scenes,—and taking a leading part in each.

In the spring of the following year (1872) he left Derby. It was his mother's wish that he should enter Oxford or Cambridge; but the World's Peace Jubilee in Boston offered her opportunities, she could not neglect. These ripened into attractive offers to make Boston her future home; and, this course being decided upon, the children were brought to America, and Madame Rudersdorff's rooms in the Hotel Boylston, and her studio, became one of the artistic centres of the city, to which artists from the four quarters of the globe were attracted as certainly as they visited Boston in the course of their American tours. For two years young Mansfield knew the drudgery of a desk in the great Washington Street store founded by Eben D. Jordan. It was the young man's duty to translate letters destined for or received from France, Germany, and Italy; he exercised his originality also upon advertisements for the firm. From such prosaic details Richard must

have escaped eagerly at night to the brilliance of the company always gathered in his mother's rooms.

Mr. Wiltach gives us an amusing reminiscence of this period, from the recollections of Mrs. Julia Ward Howe.

"I remember [Mrs. Howe is quoted as saying] a surprise party Madame Rudersdorff gave on Richie's birthday. They were nearly all young people present excepting myself. It was not a surprise party in the ordinary sense, but you will understand when I tell you. In those days we were continually invited to meet distinguished musical artists at Madame Rudersdorff's home. She provided unsparingly as a hostess; she was really queenly in her hospitality. Hence her invitations were snapped up in every quarter. On this occasion we were invited to meet a newly arrived prima-donna, — I forget her name. The hostess and her distinguished guest received together. I remember her as if it were yesterday. She was youthful in appearance; uncommonly modest in demeanor. She wore a red and white silk dress with a prodigiously long train, and had many jewels and an abundance of thick wavy dark hair which was the admiration of everyone. Some of us were put to it to talk to her, for she spoke only the European languages. The announcement finally that the great prima donna would sing produced an expectant silence. We were all struck by the phenomenal range of her voice. She seemed to be able to sing with equal facility a soft, dark contralto, or a silvery soprano, capping off with an octave in falsetto. After responding to several encores, she at length astounded us all by lifting off her towering coiffure and announcing unaffectedly: 'I'm tired of this, mother. Let's cut the birthday cake.' It was Richie. He and his mother had conspired in the surprise party."

Toward the end of his fourth year in Boston, Richard became the dramatic and musical critic of a feeble daily newspaper, "The News." When he resigned, he told the editor it was "impossible to criticise for a man who was the friend of so many bad actors."

The pyrotechnical temper of Madame Rudersdorff, and the gradual development of an explosive capacity on his own part, led eventually (1875) to the selection of separate quarters for the young bachelor — a modest room at 23 Beacon Street. Here he disposed his few pieces of furniture, bought a piano, and, since his allowance did not permit the purchase of many pictures, he drew and painted them on the walls himself. Painting was supposed to be his *metier* at this time; his mother gave him an allowance; the position in Mr. Jordan's office was given up, and Richard's friends came forward at intervals to buy his pictures. "But," he afterward explained, "when I had sold pictures to all my friends, I discovered I had no friends." Exhausted credit soon closed various streets to him. A knock at his door became the sure precursor of an insistent dun.

Someone suggested that he give lessons in the languages he knew so familiarly. For a month he had a fashionable class of young ladies who were taught French, Italian, or German, and were, moreover, stayed with tea and comforted with music. At the end of the month the parents of the young ladies remitted promptly, and Richard had a spread in his studio remembered to this day. Two days later he was hungry and penniless.

The Sock and Buskin Club, which had been organized in 1875 by Mansfield and some of his friends, was now thought of, and the young men gave a performance of Robertson's "School." It was so successful that Mansfield, who had taken the part of Beau Farintosh, announced to his friends that for the advantage of himself and his creditors he proposed to give a benefit to himself. Boston's artistic set had its curiosity piqued by learning of "An Entertainment to be given at Union Hall, on Thursday evening, June 1st, by Mr. Vincent Crummels, on the Singers and Actors of the Day." It was whispered about that Crummels was no other than the famous Madame Rudersdorff's son Richard Mansfield. Of course the hall was crowded. With wonderful effrontery, Mansfield occupied the entire evening with imitations of all the famous actors and singers known to his audience — including his own mother, who witnessed the burlesque from her box, and laughed as heartily as anyone.

Early in 1877, with the promise of a continuance of his mother's allowance, Richard Mansfield returned to England, to study drawing and painting. But brush and palette were not for him. His pocket-book was soon flat — the sooner, perhaps, because of the extension of his acquaintance with the London bohemians. His chambers became one of the popular rallying points. For such evenings his scanty allowance forced him to pay the penalty of abstinence and exhausted credit. By April he was overjoyed to accept an offer of eight pounds a week in the German Reed Entertainments. His friends crowded St. George's Hall for his first appearance. He had a small rôle in the comedietta which opened the evening; later, he was expected to occupy the stage for an hour by himself. When his time came, he sat down at the piano and fainted dead away. He had not eaten for three days. Meanwhile, Madame Rudersdorff, in Boston, had learned that her son had given a few entertainments in English country homes for pay. She was superb in her wrath; she would at once cut off his allowance. And

she did, punctually, in a letter which, "beginning in very plain English, emphasized her resentment in French, German, and Italian, and ended in Russian, with a reserve of bitter denunciation, but no more languages to express it in."

The struggle of Mansfield's life began now in earnest. Long afterward, when at the meridian of his fame, he told the story.

"For years I went home to my little room, if fortunately I had one, and perhaps a tallow dip was stuck in the neck of a bottle, and I was fortunate if I had something to cook for myself over a fire, if I had a fire. That was my life. When night came I wandered about the streets of London, and if I had a penny I invested it in a baked potato, from the baked potato man on the corner. I would put these hot potatoes in my pockets, and after I had warmed my hands I would swallow the potato. That is the truth."

The sale of an occasional picture, or the acceptance of a story or a poem by a magazine, were the sources of his scanty income. He strove to keep his appearance respectable in order to accept fortuitous social invitations for the sake of the cold collations without which he would have gone hungry. Often he stayed in bed and slept in order to forget the hunger of the hours of wakefulness. Food seen through the windows of bakeries and restaurants seemed to him the most beautiful sight in the world.

The year 1878 found him, with a second or third rate company, playing the role of Sir Joseph Porter, K.C.B., in "Pinafore," in the smaller towns of England, Scotland, and Wales. His salary was three pounds weekly; and when he demanded an additional six shillings, he was cut adrift, and returned to London in desperate straits. The turning point of his career was accompanied, as he told it, by a remarkable experience.

"This was the condition of affairs when a strange happening befell me. Retiring for the night in a perfectly hopeless frame of mind, I fell into a troubled sleep, and dreamed dreams. Finally, toward morning, this fantasy came to me. I seemed in my disturbed sleep to hear a cab drive up to the door as if in a great hurry. There was a knock, and in my dream I opened the door and found D'Oyly Carte's yellow-haired secretary standing outside. He exclaimed: 'Can you pack up and catch the train in ten minutes to rejoin the company?' 'I can,' was the dreamland reply. There seemed to be a rushing about, while I swept a few things into my bag; then the cab door was slammed, and we were off to the station. This was all a dream. But here is the inexplicable *denouement*. The dream was so vivid and startling that I immediately awoke with a strange, uncanny sensation, and sprang to my feet. It was six o'clock, and only bare and gloomy surroundings met my eye. On a chair rested my travelling bag; and through some impulse that I could not explain at the time, and cannot account for now, I picked it up and hurriedly swept into it a few articles

that had escaped the pawn-shop. It did not take long to complete my toilet, and then I sat down to think. Presently, when I had reached the extreme point of dejection, a cab rattled up, there was a knock, and there stood D'Oyly Carte's secretary, just as I saw him in my dreams. He seemed to be in a great flurry, and cried out, 'Can you pack up and reach the station in ten minutes to rejoin the company?' 'I can,' said I, calmly, pointing to my bag, 'for I was expecting you.' The man was a little startled by this seemingly strange remark, but bundled me into the cab without further ado, and we hurried away to the station exactly in accord with my dream. That was the beginning of a long engagement; and although I have known hard times since, it was the turning-point in my career."

For more than three years Mansfield played in minor opera and minor comedy; engagements being now the rule rather than the exception. He received the news of his mother's death, and of her will, which made him her sole heir but contained the capricious proviso that no portion of the inheritance should pass into his hands so long as he remained unmarried. Then, one night in the spring of 1882, in his dressing-room, Mansfield heard a familiar voice; his old friend Eben Jordan of Boston grasped his hand, and that night persuaded him to return to America. It was on the night of January 11, 1883, that Mansfield played Baron Chevrier for the first time, and woke on the following morning famous. There were many ups and downs in the years that followed, but "Cork" Mansfield sustained the qualities of his cognomen.

For most of us, the remaining pages of Mr. Wilstach's book, which are devoted to Mansfield the actor, will stimulate personal reminiscences of the gifted artist. "Prince Karl," "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," "Richard III.," "Beau Brummel," "Don Juan," "Monsieur Beaucaire," "Cyrano de Bergerac," "Arthur Dimmesdale," "Shylock," "Captain Bluntschli," "Dick Dudgeon," "Alceste," "King Henry V.," "Peer Gynt,"—these names represent the story of the wonderful years, wonderful in the development of his own genius as an actor, and wonderful in the development of his equally marvellous breadth of view and mastery of detail as stage manager and producer. Mr. Wilstach, with intimate personal knowledge of his subject, with every facility in the way of materials at his command, and with a discriminating judgment and taste that qualify him perfectly for the task, gives us so true a picture of the actor in each several part that he essayed as makes him fairly live again before our eyes.

Of Mansfield the man, Mr. Wilstach speaks apparently with equal fidelity to truth. He does not seek to ignore, or even to condone, those

outbursts of temper which robbed Mansfield of the affection of American playgoers, however they might yield him their admiration. Mr. Wilstach says:

"Most of his outbursts were the outbursts of nervous despair. At times before acting a new rôle there were moments when his confidence appeared to desert him, and he would break down entirely. Then he would toss away his part and pace the stage in voluble agony, declaring it would be impossible to give the production; everything and everybody, including the play and himself, were beyond hope; the opening must be postponed, etc., etc. At such moments no one had influence with him but his gentle wife. With soft words of agreement, the tender terms with which a mother would propitiate a child, she would calm the spirit of this mighty child, and in five minutes have him quieted, comforted, and back at work again."

To say to a workman "You're discharged!" meant nothing from Mansfield more than a reproof. "It was the habit of exaggerated words," according to the biographer. His unflinching patience and gentleness during the rehearsals of "Ivan the Terrible" were a matter of ominous comment among the company. He seemed, says our author, to be holding himself under a strain which would break him. This endured until the dress rehearsal, which passed swimmingly up to the fourth act. "There, in the passionate confession scene, the tricky lines slipped, and with them slipped his self-possession. There were five minutes of realistically improvised Tzar Ivan before he settled down, but the burst was welcomed by everyone. An old-timer of fourteen years in the company said: 'I was afraid for him. And I was afraid for this piece. It seemed as if he hadn't blown in the trade-mark. But it's all right now.'"

"The evolution of a character in Mansfield's mind remained unexplained. He retired into what Pater called 'mystic isolation.' Like Rossetti, he became 'a racked and tortured medium.' But when he came to rehearsal, even to the first, it was with full possession of the new character, just as later, when he went on the stage to give the character to the audience, it had full possession of him. His performance of a rôle—even of those which he retained in his repertoire from his early successes—whether in comedy or tragedy, was to him a sacred work, almost sacramental. He was first in the theater, never less than two and sometimes three hours before his first entrance. This time he spent in the seclusion of his dressing-room. But the preparation did not begin there. In the afternoon he took a long walk. When he returned he would see no visitors, none of his household, and his servants attended him in silence. He ate a light repast at five o'clock, with a book for company at table. Then he retired to his own apartment for a short nap and a bath, and rode away in his unbroken silence to the theater. And so into the dressing-room. When the call came for his entrance, and he emerged from his room, a metamorphosis had taken place. It was not the actor who went upon the

scene, it was the character. By some process—and it has been called self-hypnotism—he became the person he was playing. He carried the manner to and from and into his dressing-room. He acted the rôle all the evening on and off the scene, and it fell from him only as he put aside the trappings and emerged from the dressing-room his own self, bound for home."

Mr. Wilstach gives some delightful pictures of Mr. Mansfield's home-life, with his charming and talented wife (Miss Beatrice Cameron), and his little son, George Gibbs Mansfield. A number of letters to this little chap from his father are given, and they alone are worth the price of the book. Mr. Wilstach and his publishers, and the family of Mr. Mansfield, and all who loved or admired him, may be congratulated in all sincerity upon the appearance of this really notable biography.

MUNSON ALDRICH HAVENS.

THE QUEST OF THE IDEAL DEMOCRACY.*

We need a word that should stand in the same relation to *amicus* as socialism to *socius*, a word that all readers might approach without bias or nervousness. Socialism was an ideal name for a theory and system of political organization based on comradeship and coöperation; but strange perversions and confusions abroad and certain disagreeable events in our own country have brought it into unfortunate disrepute. Fellowship might have been found adequate, had it not been for established connotations and a flavor of the archaistic. Collectivism and Communism are too cold. Brotherhood suggests too close an intimacy; and it also carries with it a certain disturbing echo from the French Revolution. The Society of Friends would be an almost perfect designation of the ideal state in question, were it not already appropriated by an amiable religious denomination. As it is, we see no other alternative than the adoption of a new word. Thereby we should be freed from the risk of repelling our more conservative readers, and could describe Mr. Dickinson's latest volume as a dialogue on the new term; for under "Justice and Liberty" he has given us a delightful interchange of views on some of the questions we commonly find emphasized by socialistic writers.

"If every man thought it his duty to think freely and trouble his neighbor with his thoughts (which is an essential part of free-thinking), it would make wild work in the world," sermonizes

*JUSTICE AND LIBERTY. A Political Dialogue. By G. Lowes Dickinson. New York: The McClure Co.

the irrepressible Dean of St. Patrick's; and it is probably true. The question is whether there is not need of "wild work" in some quarters. And whatever else may be said of the earnest socialist, or the intellectual "perplexed inquirer socialistically inclined," he at least promotes thought. It is always easy to demolish certain features of advanced collectivism; it is never quite possible to destroy the ideal of fellowship as cherished by thinking men like William Morris or the central speaker in the volume before us. There is something appealing in the cry, "We open the gates of the Temple of Humanity; make yourselves clean that you may enter in." There is a genuine ring in the challenge, "To unseat *things* from the saddle of destiny and to seat there the human soul."

Nor does the cause stand still. To-day we are a little less sure than yesterday that the stimulus of self-interest is as fundamental in economic life as the law of gravitation in the physical world. Just now we are set thinking by a comparison of the most active quarter of a century in Mr. Rockefeller's career with the twenty-four years covered by Lord Cromer's unremitting efforts on behalf of the fellaheen of Egypt. There is some evidence for the validity of such a stimulus as good citizenship, or love of one's fellow creatures. Again, we suspect rather frequently that the present arrangements as to property may not be as final as the course of the earth about the sun. With reference to marriage, hardy souls like Galton will even point out that mating and procreation are at least as important as gambling or some other subjects of legislation; and that there is a possibility of improving the quality of the population. A few of the most daring go so far as to dream that marriage might be more happy; and one of them in his plea actually adduces the reports of our Illinois divorce courts. As to social classes, many Englishmen and most Americans have rejected the hierarchic view that God placed men in wisely ordered ranks and there they ought to remain in outward submission and even inward gratitude. Because our institutions are an inheritance from the past, we no longer believe they are incapable of improvement. In short, there is a growing recognition of the obvious fact, albeit so long and stubbornly disregarded, that human nature is "a Being in perpetual transformation." In man's struggle up the endless steep slopes of the ages, he comes now and then to a plateau that appears to the more short-sighted climbers to be the final height, or at worst a fair dwelling

place of reality not to be hazarded for distant goals, seen only in barest outline and often lost in cloud. Then the comfortable loiterers are either guided upward by the seer with the torch of the ideal, or driven reluctantly onward by the less fortunate of their fellows, whose cry is no less bitter than blind. And between these two forces, the reasonable appeal of the leader and the unreasoning impulse of the luckless throng, it is probable that for the future we shall give good heed to the problem of better social conditions.

But we must return to our volume,—although we have not wandered so far as might be supposed. In the course of his dialogue, Mr. Dickinson treats such topics as Forms of Society, the Institution of Marriage, the Institution of Property, Government, the "Spirit" of the communities under consideration, naturally with various subdivisions and incidental topics inevitably suggested by these general subjects. Then toward the close we have some rather impassioned but orderly passages on "The Importance of Political Ideals as Guides to Practice" and "The Relations of Ideals to Facts." Such a cold summary is of course entirely misleading. The effectiveness, the justification of the volume must depend on the winning method of treatment in the dialogue form.

Sir John Harrington, a frankly aristocratic gentleman of leisure, we remember from "A Modern Symposium"; and Henry Martin, an idealizing professor, we recall from the same volume and "The Meaning of Good" as well. The third sharer in the discussion is Charles Stuart, a banker of broad experience, who keeps his feet stoutly on the earth. "Never mind Plato and Aristotle! Modern philosophers are bad enough without dragging in the ancients at every point." Or, "I am learning from this conversation that an ideal standpoint is one from which everything is seen out of proportion." Stuart and Harrington find the Professor in one of his favorite haunts, recalling in spirit rather than by topographical detail the scene of the "Phædrus." "I love the sound and sight of running water, the great green slopes fragrant with pines, and the granite cliffs shining against the sky." But if he is dreaming in this idyllic spot to-day, he must return to his constituency to vote to-morrow. And this contact, this interplay of the ideal and the actual, runs through the whole dialogue. The three friends spend their last day together in discussing the value of political ideals in general and the relative

merits of their three preferences. Given the personæ and the subjects, our readers would surmise the general division of the treatment.

In one sense, the dialogue cannot be said to make any contribution to socialistic thought. Parts of it, without being in any way copied, recall some of the lofty and glowing passages of Morris; and every point could be traced to one source or another. But it is a commonplace that appropriate setting and effective re-statement of problems and arguments often constitute a more real service than the introduction of new matter. The topics here discussed are of such a nature as to justify frequent treatment; and the indirect method of our dialogue is an invaluable auxiliary to the positiveness of the avowed apostles of the cause. Sometimes we wish Mr. Dickinson were not keeping his English audience quite so strictly in mind; and one might hazard the conjecture that a more intimate acquaintance with some of our Western States would not be without value for a man who would understand them as quickly as this sympathetic Cambridge economist. With some of their experiments before him, he might introduce at least a parenthetical modification in one or two paragraphs. But herewith we are descending to details, for which there is no space. We may merely say, in closing, that we think the book is worthy of Mr. Dickinson; which implies our belief that it deserves to be widely read by thinking people.

It is unnecessary to state that the English of "Justice and Liberty" is lucid and attractive. It does not seem to us that the finest passages reach quite the highest levels of our author's "Symposium"; but the style is admirable throughout. One sentence, however, on page 125, made us pause; and we are still wondering whether "He's no worse than you or me" is due to deliberate antinomianism or merely to human frailty. We hope it is the latter.

F. B. R. HELLEMS.

THE POET OF SCIENCE.*

Lucretius, in pure poetic charm and natural magic, is probably not the "chief poet on the Tiber side" that Mrs. Browning saluted in him. There are single cadences of Virgil for which the adept would cheerfully sacrifice the whole of Latin literature and all the *Res Romanae perituraque regna* — "Kings and realms that pass to rise no more." But Virgil — "light

among the vanished ages," inspiration of Dante, Racine, and Tennyson — belongs to a past which had leisure to appreciate the elegant and the exquisite. Lucretius, the supreme, the only, poet of science, still influences the thoughts of the leaders of thought, and will hold his place until the long-heralded epic of evolution is evolved.

More than a century has elapsed since André Chénier justified the plan of his "Hermes" by the now familiar argument that the world of science is more poetic than the world of fable, and boasted that his Pegasus, soaring on the wings of Buffon, should pass with Lucretius, by the light of Newton's torch, "*La ceinture d'azur sur le globe étendue*." But the verse of the Roman poet which he thus translates still remains the inevitable expression of modern pride in the wonders of science. It is still the text of our greatest living poet and radical, when he hymns the achievements of the liberated spirit of man:

"Past the wall unsurmounted that bars out our vision
with iron and fire,
He hath sent forth his soul for the stars to comply
with and suns to conspire."

There has been ample time for both the poet and his readers to acquire that familiarity with the processes and results of science which Wordsworth said must precede the effective use of scientific matter in poetry. But nothing has come of it except Tennyson's cautious experiments in dainty paraphrase; and a few crudely ambitious epics of evolution and the rise of man, which posterity, if it remembers them at all, will class with Darwin's "Botanic Garden" and his "Temple of Nature." The vein of Shelley's "Queen Mab" and André Chénier's fragmentary "Hermes" has not been excelled. And that at its best is a dilution of the austere sublimity of Lucretius with the optimism of the eighteenth century's utopian faith in progress and perfectibility. And so it is to the Roman versifier of a second-rate and obsolete Greek system of philosophy that our Langes, our Tyndalls, and Huxleys will still turn in their most exalted and enthusiastic moods, so long as the new pedagogy allows them to construe the Latin.

They do not find in him, and they do not seek, a formulation of the atomic theory that will fit the new synthetic chemistry and the new physics of radio-active bodies. But they do find the consummate poetical expression of all the large moral and imaginative ideas which even the most advanced science can contribute to litera-

* LUCRETIVS, EPICUREAN AND POET. By John Masson, M.A., LL.D. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

ture and life—ideas for the most part not peculiar to the philosophy of Epicurus, but the common possession of all philosophically educated ancients, even of those who rejected the absolutism of their dogmatic Epicurean formulation; I mean such ideas as the reign of law, the continuity of natural process, the universality of mechanical causation, the infinity of space and time, the recurrence of cosmogonical cycles, and the insignificance of man in the face of infinite Mutability. Only the laws that determine the apparition of genius could explain how it happened that the "*De Rerum Natura*" was written, not by a Greek but by a Roman poet, and that under the inspiration of what apart from the vigor of its assertion of a few fundamental truths was the least scientific of the Greek philosophies. But that the poem, once written, should not have been superseded by any poetic interpretation of nineteenth century science is no paradox except to the most superficial consideration. Science may be in itself more poetical to the scientific mind than myth. But there are only two or three ways in which the poet can make use of it. He may expound it in a frankly didactic poem; he may experiment in the method of Tennyson; he may try to rival the eloquence of Lucretius in the domain where the verified detail of modern science gives him no advantage over Lucretius.

Now, though science is a new thing under the sun, the didactic poem is not. It has been tried from Hesiod's "*Works and Days*" to Philips's "*Cider*" and Armstrong's "*Art of Preserving Health*." Its literary value has never resided in the ostensible theme, but always in the episodes or a few informing ideas. The pleasure derived from the exposition of the nominal subject is at most the expert's interest in the ingenious expression in verse of what could be better said in prose. It is the curiosity of the professional latinist who reads Vida's "*Game of Chess*" or Addison's "*Battle of the Cranes and Pygmies*." This aesthetic law is not abrogated by the fact that the detail of ancient science was erroneous and that of the science of to-day is supposed to be true. Minute and didactic exposition is not poetry, whether the thing expounded be true or false.

The method of Tennyson yields a genuine but slight effect of Alexandrian prettiness.

"There sinks the nebulous star we call the sun,
If that hypothesis of theirs be sound,"

is intentionally and playfully pedantic.

"Before the little ducts began
To feed thy bones with lime"

will serve in a passage of curious philosophic meditation.

"Still as, while Saturn whirls, his steadfast shape
Sleeps on his luminous ring"

presents a definite picture, and belongs to the science (astronomy) in which the imaginative familiarity postulated by Wordsworth is most likely to be attained.

"Break thou deep vase of chilling tears
That grief hath shaken into frost,"

interests by its subtlety even when not fully understood. But these experiments in ornamentation are not the predicted poetry of science, and Tennyson's taste seems to have marked the limits of their present application.

It remains for our poets to surpass Lucretius in his own domain—if they have the mind to. It would be idle to predict that no modern poet will ever achieve this. But it is the plain fact that no poet has yet done so. Two great classical books seem to have expressed once for all the two fundamental imaginative conceptions of the world—the "*Timæus*" of Plato, a "hymn to the universe" conceived as the work of beneficent intelligence subordinating chaos and necessity to design; the "*De Rerum Natura*," a hymn to the scientific spirit emancipated from superstition, a hymn to Nature manifold in works, freed from the yoke of the gods, changeless in the sum amid eternal change, and sufficient unto herself.

Macaulay marvels that what he deems the dreariest and silliest of systems of philosophy should have produced the sublimest of philosophic poems. But the poetry of the "*De Rerum Natura*" owes little to anything specifically Epicurean. Its inspiration is first the whole scientific and rationalistic tradition of antiquity from Empedocles and Democritus down, and second the poet's own passionate abhorrence of superstition, anthropomorphism, and the petty carpenter theories of creation and design which the official apologists of religion opposed to his picture of the self-sufficing life of universal nature. The causes of this anti-theological passion, of which there are few traces in the extant fragments of Epicurus, we are left to conjecture. Its effects on the fortunes of the poem would make an interesting chapter of literary history. Mythology and religion have always been the chief inspiration of poetry and art. But the impassioned revolt against superstition and sophistical apologetics has played a far greater part than the conventional histories of literature and philosophy recognize. Every generation since the Renaissance has had its *Mirandolas*,

its Brunos, its Spinozas, its Shelleys, enthusiastic imaginative rationalists who, beneath transparent veils of mysticism, Platonism, or Cartesianism, have in their inmost souls been dominated by this passion for which they could find relief only in declaiming the verses of Lucretius. Add to these the readers who, like Tennyson, are alternately fascinated and repelled by the supreme poetic statement of the doctrine which they cannot endure to accept, and the chief source of the permanent power of the "De Rerum Natura" over the minds of men is made plain. In spite of the enormous Lucretian literature, there is still room for a study of the poem from this point of view.

Professor Masson, whom these introductory observations have kept waiting too long, can hardly be said to attempt this in his brief study of Lucretius's influence on his own age, or in his concluding chapter on what the world owes to Lucretius. His estimable but not especially penetrating or original book is not easily reviewed with fairness by a specialist. It is in part a revision and expansion of the author's standard work on the "Atomic System of Lucretius" published in 1884. In seventeen discursive and not perfectly welded chapters of very unequal merit and fulness of detail, it treats in the main competently and readably most of the topics that belong to a complete monograph, the life and times of the poet, the atomic theory, the Epicurean view of the world, the Epicurean ethics, the Epicurean gods, the sources of Epicurus's doctrine, poetry and science, etc. The scholarship is sound but old-fashioned and not always critical or up to date. Professor Masson appears to be unacquainted with recent attempts to acquit Democritus of the blunder of affirming that a heavy body falls faster than a light one in a vacuum. He has apparently not read Diels, and cites the pre-Socratics from the obsolete edition of Mullach, thus attributing to Democritus some ethical sayings which are plainly spurious. He labors unnecessarily some obvious points, and fails to go to the bottom of subtler questions, especially in the Epicurean psychology. His literary and moral criticism is pleasant and true enough, but less trenchantly and vividly expressed than that of Mallock or Sellar. He still thinks it necessary to apologize for Lucretius. The book is a good and sufficient monograph for the general reader and the undergraduate. But it is not a notable contribution to literature or scholarship.

PAUL SHOREY.

PROBLEMS OF RACE FRICTION.*

The last few years have seen an increasing accentuation of race-friction in many parts of the world, and it is no exaggeration to say that the problem of the races is everywhere becoming more acute, and must continue to become so on account of the greater intermingling of alien races where they formerly lived apart. Happy indeed is the land which has no such problem! We find it to-day a disturbing element in many of the possessions of England, notably in certain of the West Indian Islands; in South Africa, in Australia, in India, and in Northwest Canada; we find it in Austria, Hungary, Germany, and Russia; and of course it is always with us in America.

The nature and causes of race-friction, and the possible ways of removing it, are matters which are now claiming the attention of more thoughtful men than almost any other questions. Each year brings us a new group of books dealing with this peculiar and difficult problem. Two of the latest contributions to this group are Professor Josiah Royce's "Race Questions, and Other American Problems," and Mr. Alfred H. Stone's "Studies in the American Race Problem." The author of one of these books is a Harvard professor; the other is a young Mississippi planter of education and practical experience. Professor Royce's volume is a collection of largely unrelated essays, only two of which call for mention in this review. These are entitled "Race Questions and Race Prejudices" and "Provincialism." In the former he examines into the causes and nature of race-prejudice; in the latter he discusses the meaning of provincialism, its uses and its evils. Professor Royce contrasts the situation in the United States with that in Jamaica and Trinidad, where, he asserts, race-friction has been reduced to a minimum by the peculiar character of English administration and by English reticence. The maintenance of an efficient country constabulary into which negroes are admitted is one of the many policies which, in the opinion of Professor Royce, have been adopted to secure the loyalty and respect of the negro population. Moreover, the English habit of ruling the inferior race without publicly claiming the virtues of superiority tends very greatly, he thinks, to remove a source of irritation

* RACE QUESTIONS, and Other American Problems. By Josiah Royce. New York: The Macmillan Co.

STUDIES IN THE AMERICAN RACE PROBLEM. By Alfred Stone. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

which lies at the bottom of much of the trouble in North America.

Mr. Stone's work is a much more elaborate study of the negro problem, and is based on his experience and observations as an extensive employer of negro labor on a Mississippi plantation. To his personal observation he has added ten or fifteen years of systematic and almost continuous study of the literature dealing with the history of the negro race in America. His equipment, therefore, is such as to inspire the reader of his volume with a feeling of confidence. He contrasts the attitude of the Northern and Southern white people, discusses the grounds of difference, reviews at length some plantation experiments of his own with the negro, describes the somewhat remarkable condition of affairs in the Yazoo-Mississippi Delta (the great black belt of Mississippi, where he declares there is but little race-friction), considers the economic future of the negro, discourses upon the causes and results of the increasing friction between the races, criticises President Roosevelt's negro policy and compares it with that of President McKinley, emphasizes the factor of the mulatto element in the question, and considers at length the political aspects of the negro problem. On the whole, Mr. Stone's point of view is that of the Southern white man, though his discussion is so free from evidence of passion and his conclusions are based on such wide study and extended observation that they command respect even where they do not compel conviction. So far, no study of the negro problem has been produced which throws so much light on the whole question of the social, economic, and political life of the negro race in America. It is the work of a man who not only knows the situation from personal contact with the negro, but possesses in addition a rare theoretical knowledge based on wide and systematic reading.

Three chapters of the book are contributed by Professor Walter F. Wilcox; these deal with the criminality of the negro, the causes of its increase, and the resulting influence upon race relations; census statistics relating to the wealth, population, occupations, education, and death rate of the race; and the probable increase of the negro population in America. Mr. Wilcox shows that the increase of crime among the negroes has been much larger relatively than that among the white race. The predicted increase of population among the negroes, however, he declares is not justified by the teachings of the census.

J. W. GARNER.

THE BEGINNINGS OF ACADIA.*

The Champlain Society of Toronto published last year the first volume of Grant and Biggar's edition of Lescarbot's "*History of New France*," of which two other volumes are to follow. It now issues Nicolas Denys's "*Description and Natural History of the Coasts of North America*," translated and edited by Dr. William F. Ganong. If it never publishes anything better, from every point of view, than these two works, it will have more than justified its existence. Professor Ganong has brought within reach of the ordinary reader one of the essential sources of early Canadian history, and one which hitherto has been inaccessible to all except a few special students — inaccessible for two reasons: first, because the original edition is exceedingly rare; and second, because it is written in old French, and in a manner so faulty and confused that more than one scholar has dismissed it as unintelligible. The task presented to the translator has been "not simply to render a book of bad French into one of good English, but also to discover, and to show by proper annotation, the author's real meaning when he is obscure, and the actual truth when he is in error. In other words, the book demanded not only a translator, but also a commentator who had local knowledge of the places, the objects, and the contemporary records bearing on the events which Denys describes." How happy Professor Ganong has been in fulfilling these requirements, an examination of his work will abundantly prove. It is not too much to say that the Champlain Society could hardly have found any other scholar so competent in every way to interpret this most difficult of early Canadian narratives.

In spite of its ambitious title, Denys's book is confined to the coasts of Acadia, or to what now form the provinces of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick; but it is nevertheless, within this restricted field, a work of the first importance. It narrates events, a knowledge of which is essential to a clear understanding of the history of Acadia in the seventeenth century, which are not to be found elsewhere. It describes the country and its inhabitants as they were in Denys's day; gives a good deal of attention to its natural history, sometimes accurate, but oftener the reverse; and devotes nearly

*THE DESCRIPTION AND NATURAL HISTORY OF THE COASTS OF NORTH AMERICA (ACADIA). By Nicholas Denys. Translated and edited, with a memoir of the author, collateral documents, and a reprint of the Original, by William F. Ganong, Ph.D. Toronto: The Champlain Society.

half the second volume to an elaborate account of the cod-fishery. Despite its apparent tediousness and present uselessness, this portion of Denys's narrative is, as Professor Ganong says, "replete with interest from start to finish." It constitutes "by far the most complete and authoritative exposition we possess of that summer fishery for cod which played so large a part in the early relations between Europe and North-eastern America. It is, moreover, the best and clearest part of the book, the only part, apparently, which Denys really enjoyed writing. With excellent arrangement and all completeness, and withal by aid of many a vivid phrase, happy turn, and illustrative incident, he brings before us with the greatest clearness every detail of that business of which he was a thorough master, and a master in love with his work." One of the principal objects which Denys had in view in writing his book was, in fact, to arouse the government and people of France to the possibilities of the cod-fishery of Acadia. This portion of the narrative furnishes a rather curious illustration of the fact that a man never writes so effectively as when he is describing something with which he is thoroughly familiar, and in which is absorbingly interested.

Some of the most entertaining pages of the book are those in which Denys describes the beaver and its wonderful works. None of our contemporary "Nature fakirs"—as Mr. Arthur Stringer unkindly calls them—could hold a candle to this unimaginative chronicler, in the more than human intelligence attributed to the industrious and long-suffering beaver.

"It is necessary to know first of all that the Beaver has only four teeth, two above and two below. The largest are of two finger-breadths, the others have them in proportion to their size. They have rocks for sharpening them, rubbing them on their tops. With their teeth they cut down trees as large as half barrels. Two of them work together at it, and a man with an axe will not lay it low quicker than do they. They make it always fall on the side which they wish, and where it is most convenient for them.

"To place all these workmen at their business, and to make them do their work well, there is need of an architect and commanders. Those are the old ones which have worked at it formerly. According to number there are eight to ten commanders, who nevertheless are all under one, who gives the orders. It is this architect who goes often to the atelier of one, often to that of the other, and is always in action. When he has fixed upon the place where it is necessary to make the dam, he employs there a number of the Beavers to remove that which could injure it, such as fallen trees, which would be able to lead the water underneath the dam, and cause loss of the water. Those are the masons. He sets others to cut down trees, and then to cut branches of the length of about two feet or more according to the thickness of

the branch. These are the carpenters. Others have to carry the wood to the place of the work where the masons are, (thus acting) like the masons' men. Others are destined for the land; they are the old ones, which have the largest tails, and they act as hod-carriers. There are some which dig the ground and scrape it with their hands; these are the diggers. Others have to load it. Each does his duty without meddling with anything else. Each set of workmen at a task has a commandant with them who overlooks their work, and shows them how it should be done. The one who commands the masons shows them how to arrange the trees, and how to place the earth properly. Thus each one shows those who are under his charge. If they are neglectful of their duty he chastises them, beats them, throws himself on them, and bites them to keep them at their duty.

"Everything being thus arranged, which indeed is soon accomplished, every morning each one goes to his work. At eleven o'clock they go to find something to eat, and do not return until about two o'clock. I believe this is because of the great heat, which is against them, for if it is bright moonlight they work at night more than by day.

"Let us watch them now all at work making their dam. There are the masons; their helpers bring them the wood cut into lengths. Each brings his piece according to his strength upon his shoulders. They walk entirely upright upon their hind feet. Arriving there they place their piece near the masons. The hod-carriers do the same; their tails serve them as hods. To load these they hold themselves fully erect, and lay their tails quite flat on the ground. The loaders place the earth upon the tails, and trample it to make it hold, (building it) as high as they can, and bringing it to a sharp ridge at the top. Then those which are loaded march quite upright drawing their tails behind them. They unload near the masons, who, having the materials, begin to arrange their sticks one above another, and make of them a bed of the length and breadth which they wish to use for the foundation of the dam. In proportion as some place the wood, others bring handfuls of earth which they place upon it, packing it down to fill up the interstices between the sticks. When it is upon the sticks, they hammer it with the tail, with which they strike it above to render it firm. This layer being made of earth and of sticks the length of the dam, they add sticks and then earth on top as before, and go on extending it always in height. The side to the water, in proportion as it rises, is lined with earth, which they place there to fill up the holes which the sticks might have made. In proportion as they deposit this earth, they place their posterior end on the edge of the dam, so that the tail hangs down; then raising the tail they strike against the earth to flatten it, and to make it enter towards the water, so as to keep that from possibility of entering. They even place there two or three layers of earth, one upon another, beating it from time to time with the tail, so that the water cannot pass through their dam. When they are beating like that with their tails, they can be heard for a league in the woods."

In addition to the translation, and an exact reprint of the original text of Denys's book, Dr. Ganong furnishes a very full bibliography of material bearing on Denys, to which Mr. Victor H. Paltsits has added a bibliographical description of the original work. All the maps

and plates of the original, as well as those of the Dutch translation of 1788, are reproduced here, as well as a number of maps drawn by Dr. Ganong to illustrate the topography of the narrative, and photographs of the sites of Denys's establishments at Port Rossignol, La Have, Chedabucto, Saint Peters, Miscou, and Nepisquit. LAWRENCE J. BURPEE.

BRIEFS ON NEW BOOKS.

The teacher and the taught.

Although Professor George Herbert Palmer has chosen "The Teacher" as title for the collection of educational essays and addresses — twelve of his own and four of Mrs. Palmer's — which he issues (through the Houghton Mifflin Co.), he possesses to such a degree that essential quality of the good teacher, vicariousness, that he has made his book almost as attractive and useful to the learner as to the instructor. Especially interesting to the general seeker for knowledge are his chapters on "Self-Cultivation in English," "Specialization," "Doubts about University Extension," "The Glory of the Imperfect," "A Teacher of the Olden Time," and "College Expenses." Even his paper on "The Ideal Teacher" and the two discussing the elective system as in use at Harvard are readable as well as professionally important and valuable. It is noteworthy that this teacher of ethics is opposed to the formal teaching of ethics in schools; the dissection of conduct and motives he very sensibly holds to be fruitful of nothing but morbid self-consciousness and moral indecision, in the young. "I declare," he says, "at times when I see the ravages which conscientiousness works in our New England stock, I wish these New Englanders had never heard moral distinctions mentioned. Better their vices than their virtues. The wise teacher will extirpate the first sproutings of the weed; for a weed more difficult to extirpate when grown there is not. We run a serious risk of implanting it in our children when we undertake their class instruction in ethics." Yet he would have all teaching, in the best and largest sense, ethical — instilling, unintrusively, right principles of thought and feeling and action. His "ideal teacher" is "big, bounteous, and unconventional," and is also endowed with the following four fundamental qualities, — an aptitude for vicariousness, an already accumulated wealth, an ability to invigorate life through knowledge, and a readiness to be forgotten. The four papers from Mrs. Alice Freeman Palmer's pen — three of them reprinted from periodicals and the fourth taken from the short-hand report of an address — will make the reader share Professor Palmer's regret that his gifted wife did not oftener give literary expression to her thoughts and ideals. The entire volume has a breadth of view and of interest and a charm of style such as few books on education possess.

The religion of a scientific man.

Some months ago the cable that transmits just and unjust things alike, brought the news that Sir Oliver Lodge had proved by scientific evidence the immortality of the soul. The more complete accounts in the English press reflected what had really been said more soberly, but sufficiently corroborated the trend of it all to explain the cruder interpretation. There is accordingly a considerable interest in the volume which has just been issued by Messrs. Moffat, Yard & Co., with the title "Science and Immortality." The book is divided into four distinct parts: the first is concerned with science and faith; the second with ecclesiastical problems of worship and service in the Church of England; the third with the problem of immortality; the fourth with the relations of science and Christianity. It thus appears that Sir Oliver Lodge as a layman is particularly interested in the church and in religious matters; that he is abundantly persuaded of the truth and value of a liberal religious belief; that he is desirous to rationalize his faith with his scientific view of the material universe; that he recognizes as equally real and equally a part of the order of nature the inner spiritual life, which must once more be harmonized with the more objective uniformities of nature and which must be made significant in connection with the historical unfoldment of the religions of men, and notably of Christianity. All this is clearly stated, and will carry conviction, or fail to do so, largely according to the proclivities and convictions of the reader. There is nothing notably new in the way of argument, and much of it comes suspiciously near to what may be termed special pleading. Thus, returning to the report of the proof of immortality, it appears that the author is already convinced of it on the grounds of faith, and yet is sympathetic to such additional truths as may come from seeming non-conformities and transcendings of ordinary experience in the way of telepathy and spiritual communications. In all this he quotes approvingly from Myers, and sets before us once more the combination within one mind of a man carrying on rigorous impersonal research by one set of methods and standards of evidence, and yet equally engaging in another in which he gives adherence to quite different orders of probabilities. As a personal attitude, this is interesting and legitimate; what is unfortunate is that the reputation of the physicist should become subtly involved in the personal predilections of the man of faith.

Venice at the coming of Napoleon.

The two closing volumes of Professor Pompeo Molmenti's "Venice" (McClurg) deal with Venetian life in the age of decadence. The account covers the period from the middle of the sixteenth century to the fall of the republic in 1797, an age of much splendor and outward magnificence, of vast activities and many real triumphs, but also a period of positive decline in commerce, in industry, in military efficiency, and in moral strength. Consequently, when Napoleon

appeared in northern Italy all power of resistance was gone and the terrified patricians hastily abdicated. In his essay on the fall of the republic (the closing chapter of the work) the author appears to believe that the city should have refused to yield to the Corsican; but the story of general decline that runs through every chapter in these two volumes is likely to convince the reader that all resistance would have been useless. While the author admits that Venetian weakness was in large measure due to decay of character, external factors, he believes, were responsible to a far greater extent. The discovery of new trade routes diverted the Oriental trade to other ports; the competition of England and Holland ruined Venetian commerce in the north and the west; incessant wars with the Turks in the Archipelago consumed the vigor and the resources of the state. Of the increasing helplessness, the rulers were keenly conscious: the motion for the abolition of the old regime came from the doge himself; of the five hundred and thirty-seven patricians present at the final meeting of the Great Council, "only twenty voted against the sacrifice of their country; five abstained." In general, the plan followed in these volumes is the same as in the earlier ones: the treatment is topical and descriptive, not chronological and narrative. They have all the excellences of the earlier parts, and also share in their defects; but these have been discussed in earlier issues of this journal (see *THE DIAL* for July 16, 1907, and January 16, 1908), and need not be recounted here. However, after all possible points of adverse criticism have been urged, the fact remains that in no other work is the student of Italian society likely to find so clear, vivid, and exhaustive a discussion of Venetian life, both public and private, as in these six volumes by Professor Molmenti. For the publishers' part in the production of this work no critic can have anything but the highest praise: rarely does one find a set of books in which artistic effort is evident to such a high degree. The beautiful binding, the clear type, and the numerous illustrations give the publishers an undoubted right to claim that this set is "in every respect a monumental piece of bookmaking."

*Life in a
Border city,
in war-time.*

Books about the Civil War continue to multiply, and for many of them there is genuine need. The recent war books of greatest worth are those volumes of reminiscences by civilian participators in the conflict — the women and the non-combatant men. To this class belongs Dr. Galusha Anderson's "Story of a Border City during the Civil War" (Little, Brown & Co.). Dr. Anderson was a Baptist minister in St. Louis from 1858 to 1866; his work is based on his own recollections, on the published writings of others, and on the material in the great War Records collection. The list of subjects treated is comprehensive and attractive. As a story of life in a Border State city, the book is valuable. It is easily the best and most comprehensive account we have of the

peculiar conditions in such a community, and much of it would apply to conditions that existed in the other Border States. The story holds the attention from beginning to end. It tells how a city strongly Southern in sentiment was held by force in the Union; how Unionism was strengthened; how the neutral and indifferent were converted into Unionists; how the people were divided in religious, social, and political matters. Dr. Anderson makes it clear that it was the German element in Missouri which saved the State to the Union. One of the best things in the volume is the account of the psychological influences brought to bear by the Unionists upon the members of the Convention of 1861. The writer aims to be impartial, and is certainly not bitter; but he never sees, probably never saw, the other side of the case. On all that concerns the troubles in the churches, the fight over secession, the question of slavery, of partisan politics, of the bitter feelings that resulted from the many controversies of the time, he is wholly partisan; he simply states one side, and appears never to have heard of any other. This causes his text to give the impression that the Unionists of Missouri, though in control of the state and of the city, were continuously persecuted by the Confederate sympathizers; and also makes it appear, although without intention, that the Southern women were frequently coarse, brutal, and at times addicted to the use of profanity. The work is worth much as a source which the historian may later make use of. Its onesidedness may be offset by the opposite bias of Confederate memoirs.

*The defects of
our colleges.*

The most direct method of acquiring a pessimistic attitude towards the value of American education is to attend a few teachers' meetings. A vaguely enthusiastic audience responds, with a zeal mistaken for loyalty, to a wildly extravagant laudation of the teacher's calling, or to an oratorically brilliant and empty appraisal of education as a panacea for all ills — except apparently this vain exhibition of the futility of it all. It is accordingly with a very unusual cordiality that one greets the little volume by Mr. Abraham Flexner, "The American College: A Criticism" (The Century Co.). For it contains a serious, large-viewed survey of what is really going on in school and college, a sober appreciation of what education may be expected to do, a sane perspective of values amid the practical possibilities of the situation, and a clear appraisal of the merits and defects of current institutions. The emphasis is consistently placed upon the college — not the specialist's university — as the institution best adapted to carry the young man (and young woman) across the most vital period of his formative career and secure for him the realization of his capabilities and their proper training for efficiency. Mr. Flexner finds that the American college "is pedagogically deficient, and unnecessarily deficient, alike in earnestness and in intelligence; that in consequence our college students are, and for the most part

emerge, flighty, superficial, and immature, lacking, as a class, concentration, seriousness, and thoroughness." The elective system in its unrestrained form is held accountable for some of this, the absence of clearly conceived ideals on the part of those in charge of education for more, and the false straining in behalf of graduate study, and the general tendency to look to numbers, statistical growth, and administrative success, for other aspects of the general failure. Lack of good teaching is recognized as at once a cause and an effect of the wrong emphasis of things. "Emphasis of the teaching motive will put an end to commercialism. Efficient teaching is utterly irreconcilable with numerical and commercial standards of success." Diagnosis is the first condition of scientific treatment. Mr. Flexner's analysis is essentially of this type; yet he is not without remedies, which he prescribes discerningly. The whole forms an admirable and timely criticism of an important factor in the American problem, and one upon which a good deal more remains to be said and to be thought and done.

*Evolution
upside down.*

When one takes up a book dealing with man and with evolution, the notion in his mind is that the discussion will in general be about what evolution has done or is doing for man. The attitude of Mr. Tyler's "Man in the Light of Evolution" (Appleton) is the exact opposite of this. It concerns itself with what man is doing for evolution! We are told (p. 188) that "Man's share and work in the process of evolution is the higher development and complete supremacy of the moral and religious powers, just as it was the business of the worm to develop viscera and of the lower vertebrates to add new muscles and motor nerve centers." This sentence strikes the keynote of the constructive (sociological) portion of the book. It well illustrates the author's unique outlook on organic evolution. Organisms play a very active part in their own evolution. In illustration of this curious attitude the following passage (p. 28), typical of what occurs throughout the book, is worth quoting: "Worms lifted life to a plane far higher than that of coelenterates. After their appearance only muscular and seeing forms could hope to play any leading part in the world. They developed weapons of offense and defense. Life became harder, the struggle more severe, competition more marked and harsh. A strong, tough, agile, alert body was to be developed. Worms led the way toward this. But they had only begun to utilize and realize the possibilities of the muscular system. As soon as this and the visceral organs needed for its support and service had been fairly started, the worm began to experiment in building a skeleton." It seems almost inconceivable that it was intended that this sort of crude anthropomorphism should be taken seriously. Yet if it is meant only for a figurative mode of presentation, the facility exhibited by the author in long-sustained indirect and figurative discourse might well be envied by a

Chinese potentate. The book is a curious mixture of about equal parts of, first, the sort of biology indicated in the passages quoted; second, a very thin and innutritious social philosophy; and third, fervid religious enthusiasm. It cannot be regarded as a particularly significant contribution to the literature of evolution.

*The domestic
correspondence
of Christina
Rossetti.*

"The Family Letters of Christina Georgina Rossetti" (Scribner), edited by her brother, Mr. William Michael Rossetti, reveal, as the editor says in his preface, "a beautiful and lovable character." The substance of the letters, in truth, is slight; and of the style nothing can be said except that it is simple, unaffected, sisterly, and daughterly, in tone. Little of importance is to be gained from the collection that is not already known; but excuse for publishing, if any be needed, may be found herein, that, as the Preface declares, "Christina Rossetti, by her work in poetry and authorship, made herself interesting to a great number of persons; and that anything which tends to show forth her genuine self, her personality and tone of mind and feeling, cannot therefore be totally insignificant. Nothing could evince these more perfectly than her family-letters do." Supplemented by a few letters to persons outside the family, by some addressed to herself (by Dante Gabriel, by Swinburne, Cayley, and others), and by extracts from her diary, the correspondence fills an octavo volume, which is further provided with appropriate portraits, views of houses, facsimiles, and other illustrative matter. A useful index, too, is added. A random quotation from a letter to "my dear Gabriel" (dated August, 1880) may serve to close this brief notice. "Startling, portentous, quasi incredible is the climax of Lady Burdett Coutts's noble life. Can such ends come of such beginnings? If so, may I never have gift, grace, or glamour, to woo me a husband not half my age!!! I had heard of the intended marriage, though I knew not whether truly reported: but of the disparity of years I had not an inkling. All amazements pale before this."

*The dangers
of overcarting
for the health.*

The contrast of nature and nurture — the biological forces that shape our ends, rough-hew them as we will — appears nowhere more characteristically than in the making or marring of health. To keep well and sane, shall we let ourselves fall back upon a tempered inclination, or struggle thoughtfully to regulate our ways in obedience to a system? Are we more likely to succeed by reason or by instinct? Dr. Woods Hutchinson is a naturalist, not an artificialist. In his thesis entitled "Instinct and Heath" (Dodd, Mead & Co.) the two are one. He is a bold and incisive advocate, and his strokes tell. Like all his kind, he frequently overstates his own side of the case, thereby missing the benefit of the confidence that goes out to the moderate, and bringing upon himself the suspicion of less thorough command of his data than is essential to an authoritative wisdom.

Yet it is equally pertinent to remember that his aim is practical and his appeal a popular one. His knife is out for fads and superstitions, prejudices, and the over-zealous regimen. Diets are as apt to make dyspeptics as to help them. Pleasant things are not inherently noxious, as our Puritanic or proverbial misconceptions lay down, but are in the main pleasant because they are in accord with nature; pleasure is the stamp of approval that nature gives them as their reward. Early rising may be economically desirable, but physiologically it is better to sleep all you can. While one man's meat is another's poison, it is so mainly in exceptional instances. For the average man meat is just what he needs, and its place cannot be taken by any of the substitutes for food. Appetite, reaction, cheer, unconcern, these are the signs of health and vigor; they are normal, and to be trusted. All this is sound doctrine, most forcibly inculcated. It is a good thing to have so much of this side of the health question popularized, as against the endless systems that claim in a single experience to establish the falsity of generations of instinctive wisdom. Dr. Hutchinson's prescriptions may be freely taken, though the prudent will add their own dose of salt.

From Hampton Roads to the Golden Gate.

Mr. Franklin Matthews's vivacious account of our Atlantic fleet's recent cruise from Hampton Roads over the waters of two oceans to San Francisco, as contained in letters sent from the fleet itself to the New York "Sun" (and printed simultaneously in various other newspapers throughout the country), is now published in attractive book form, under the title, "With the Battle Fleet" (Huebsch). Four of Mr. Henry Reuter Dahl's drawings of the fleet are reproduced from "Collier's Weekly," and a few illustrations from photographs are added. As is already widely known, Mr. Matthews does not in this narrative confine himself to a bald statement of facts; he clothes the skeleton of more important events with the flesh and blood of humor and fancy, of human nature study and portrayal, of bright conversation and vivid description. Among his most successful chapters are the one describing the ceremonies attending the crossing of the equator; that relating the passage through Magellan Strait; the unexpectedly amusing description, from the mouth of a boatswain's mate, of a bull fight in Peru; and the account of the social life on a man-of-war. All those who like sea-yarns, and probably some who are not especially fond of them, will enjoy the book.

Dramatic principles for the playgoer.

Mr. Charles H. Caffin furnishes the sixth volume of the well-known "Appreciation Series" (Baker & Taylor Co.). It is entitled "The Appreciation of the Drama," and aims to deduce from the experience of the past and the present certain necessary principles that will form a basis of critical appreciation, on which the playgoer may establish his own judgment. He treats of the psychology of the audience, the plastic and pictorial stage, the actor

and the play, the genesis and development of a plot, etc. The salient points in the general history of the drama are lucidly presented with practical succinctness. Mr. Caffin points out that the American dramatist shows a tendency to be an opportunist, to take advantage of some theme uppermost in the public mind and to treat it from the point of view of the man in the street (witness "The Lion and the Mouse" and "The Witching Hour"). He believes that when the truly characteristic American drama arrives it will be distinguished by largeness of outlook and treatment, by the equivalent of that spirit which has opened up the West and has raised the material and political importance of the country to its present height; that it will be essentially a drama of liberty — viewing the problems that it presents in relation to the national idea of equal chances for all, and with an independence of judgment that has in it something of prophetic vision.

BRIEFER MENTION.

"Writings of American Statesmen" is the title of a new series of books to be edited by Professor Lawrence B. Evans, and published by Messrs. G. P. Putnam's Sons. If we may judge from the volume of "Writings of George Washington" which now inaugurates the series, this enterprise gives much promise of usefulness. Most of the statesmen to be included already exist in "Works," but in this form are too voluminous for either the ordinary library or the average student. Such a selection as is now to be provided will do much to extend acquaintance with a department of American literature too often ignored because of the mass of its material. Each volume of the new series will include three classes of matter: first, those documents which are of themselves important state papers; second, accounts of important events in which the writer participated; and, third, papers expressing the opinions of their writers upon public questions of importance. In the case of the Washington volume, this three-fold purpose seems to be very satisfactorily accomplished.

"The American as He Is," by Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler, is a small volume published by the Macmillan Co. Its contents consist of three lectures given a few weeks ago before the University of Copenhagen, in pursuance of the exchange arrangement recently made between Danish and American professors. The lectures are neatly dedicated to the University before which they were delivered, an institution "whose beneficent activity began before America was discovered." The lectures consider the American in his three-fold character of a political, social, and intellectual being, and are characterized by breadth of treatment and a clean-cut style. To draw, in large lines, a picture of that part of present-day civilization which the world knows as American is the avowed aim of the writer, and he reaches it with marked success. The closing sentence of his brief introduction is pregnant with meaning: "For a genuine understanding of the government and of the intellectual and moral temper of the people of the United States, one must know thoroughly and well the writings and speeches of three Americans, — Alexander Hamilton, Abraham Lincoln, and Ralph Waldo Emerson."

NOTES.

"The Romance of American Expansion," by Mr. H. Addington Bruce, which has been appearing in "The Outlook" during the past year, will be published in book form early in 1909.

"English Composition," by Professors Franklin T. Baker and Herbert V. Abbott, is a small text-book for the first years of high school work, published by Messrs. Henry Holt & Co.

Mr. Charles Frederick Carter is soon to publish a book entitled "When Railroads Were New," which tells the full story of our first railroads with much picturesque detail. The illustrations will be a special feature.

A pretty little anthology of love poems is compiled by Miss Emily W. Maynadier, and entitled "A Perfect Strength" ("Are not two prayers a perfect strength?"). The booklet is published by Messrs. John W. Luce & Co.

The Francis D. Tandy Co. publish a little book, edited by Mr. Tandy, devoted to "An Anthology of the Epigrams and Sayings of Abraham Lincoln." There are upwards of two hundred brief passages, collected from various sources.

"Country Walks about Florence," by Mr. Edward Hutton, is a charming little book of description, with many illustrations, by a writer who has many times proved his fitness to write of things Italian. Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons are the publishers.

Mr. H. G. Wells's new novel, "Tono-Bungay," will be published in book form on January 16. "Tono-Bungay" is the third real novel that Mr. Wells has produced. He has had it in hand and worked at it intermittently ever since the publication of "Kipps" in 1905.

Miss Mary Garden, in "The Tumbler of Our Lady," is attracting much attention from New Yorkers this winter. Massenet's opera is based on a quaint mediæval legend of which a translation by Miss Lucy Kemp Welch has been published recently in Messrs. Duffield's "New Mediæval Library."

"The Emmanuel Movement, Its Principles, Methods and Results," is announced for spring publication by Messrs. Moffat, Yard & Co. The authors are Drs. Elwood Worcester and Samuel McComb, some of whose lectures recently given in New York City will form a part of the work.

The dramatic rights of "A Little Brother of the Rich" have been acquired by Messrs. Liebler & Co., of New York, who have already arranged with the Grand Opera House of Chicago to stage the play for the first time at that theatre on January 18 next. Mr. Patterson will dramatize the novel himself.

A new book by the author of that delightful volume, "Confessio Medici," is announced by The Macmillan Co. The title is "Faith and Works of Christian Science," and the various chapters will deal with such subjects as The Reality of Nature, Disease and Pain, Common Sense and Christian Science, and Authority and Christian Science.

Messrs. Ginn & Co. publish for the "International School of Peace" a valuable work containing the "Texts of the Peace Conferences at The Hague, 1899 and 1907." The texts are given in French and English (in parallel columns), and certain related documents, such as the Geneva Convention and the United States Articles of War, are given in an appendix. The work is edited by Mr. James Brown Scott, and prefaced by Mr. Elihu W. Root.

As the date of the Lincoln centenary approaches, interest in everything connected with Lincoln's life increases. An important historical study announced for early publication is "The Assassination of Abraham Lincoln," by Mr. David M. DeWitt, whose scholarly work on "The Impeachment and Trial of Andrew Johnson" is known to historical students.

An additional volume in the "Authentic Edition" of the writings of Charles Dickens is entitled "Miscellaneous Papers," and is published by Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons. The contents of this volume consist of contributions to various newspapers and magazines, now brought together by Mr. B. W. Matz, and filling a volume of over seven hundred closely-printed pages.

James Dennistoun's "Memoirs of the Dukes of Urbino" has long been a standard work, but has for many years been unprocureable except from the dealers in second-hand books. No apology is needed for the handsome new edition, in three volumes, which has been edited and annotated by that approved lover of Italy, Mr. Edward Hutton. The John Lane Co. publish this work.

The Oliver Ditson Co. send us the first of two volumes of "Piano Compositions" by Louis Moreau Gottschalk, with a biographical sketch by Mr. William Arms Fisher. Here we have "The Last Hope," "The Maiden's Blush," "The Dying Poet," and a dozen others of the sentimental pieces so familiar to the last generation, and so vastly better than the "popular" music upon which the young people of to-day are surfeited.

The first fruits of the labors of the recently organized Concordance Society come to us in "A Concordance to the English Poems of Thomas Gray," edited by Professor Albert S. Cook, and published by the Houghton Mifflin Co. The volume is of moderate compass, and its early appearance has been made possible by the friendly collaboration of a dozen or more scholars who have made the excerpts and read the proofs.

The popularity of Mr. George P. Upton's handbook, "The Standard Operas," is evidenced by the announcement of the publishers that they are just putting to press the fifth printing of the new illustrated edition. This edition was first issued in October, 1896, at which time the book was entirely rewritten and illustrations added. The work originally was published in 1885, was revised in 1896, then reset in 1906, and the present is the twenty-fourth edition of the book since the beginning.

The Champlain Society of Toronto has decided to undertake, with Mr. H. P. Biggar as editor, a translation of the complete works of Champlain, and at the same time to reprint the French text. The whole work will run to four considerable volumes. Mr. Biggar is known as the author of "The Early Trading Companies of New France," and other historical works. The publications of the Society are in limited editions of 500 copies—250 for members and 250 for subscribing libraries.

Following up the success of Dr. Walton's "Why Worry?" which has gone through five editions in six months, the Messrs. Lippincott expect to publish this month another volume on an allied subject by Dr. J. A. Mitchell. It will be called "Self Help for the Nervous." Among the outdoor books planned by the same publishers for the spring season are "The Home Garden," a new volume by Mr. Eben E. Rexford, author of "Four Seasons in the Garden," and a book on the subject of wild flowers by Dr. George L. Walton, author of "Why Worry."

TOPICS IN LEADING PERIODICALS.

January, 1909.

Advertisement. Edward S. Martin. *Atlantic*.
 Affinities of History, Famous—I. Lyndon Orr. *Munsey*.
 Alexander, J. W., Mural Decorations of. W. Walton. *Scribner*.
 Alexis, Nord, and His Negro Republic. G. J. M. Simons. *Munsey*.
 American Art, —Is it a Betrayal? L. H. Sullivan. *Craftsman*.
 American Art: Its Future. Birge Harrison. *No. American*.
 Am. Democracy and Corporate Reform. R. R. Reed. *Atlantic*.
 American Painters in Paris, Some New. C. H. Caffin. *Harper*.
 American Politics, Passing of the Reactionary in. *Munsey*.
 American Tariff-Making, Canada and. *Review of Reviews*.
 Automobile Racers and their Achievements. M. Irving. *Putnam*.
 Baedeker, The New—VI. *Bookman*.
 Balaclava, Battle of. Robert Shackleton. *Harper*.
 Balestrieri, Lionello, Art of. Charles H. Caffin. *Metropolitan*.
 Balkan States: Europe's Storm-Centre. *Munsey*.
 Balzac in Brittany. W. H. Helm. *Putnam*.
 Benguet Road, Building the. A. W. Page. *World's Work*.
 Big Families.—What they Mean to Nations. *World's Work*.
 Bleaching and Dyeing Foods. E. H. S. Bailey. *Popular Science*.
 Blind Spot, The. Edwin L. Sabin. *Lippincott*.
 Botanist, St. Louis—II. Perley Spaulding. *Popular Science*.
 Budding Girl, The. G. Stanley Hall. *Appleton*.
 Buffalo, Last of the. J. C. Jacobs. *World's Work*.
 Caine, Hall, Autobiography of—V. *Appleton*.
 California Paradoxes. Frances A. Doughty. *Putnam*.
 Campaign-Fund Publicity. Perry Belmont. *North American*.
 Canadian Manufacturers. E. Porritt. *North American*.
 Chemistry and Medicine, Modern. T. W. Richards. *Atlantic*.
 Church, The, and Scholarship. Shailer Mathews. *World To-day*.
 Civic Betterment, New Campaign for. P. N. Kellogg. *Rev. of Revs.*
 Cleveland, Grover, at Princeton. Andrew F. West. *Century*.
 Commercialism. J. J. Stevenson. *Popular Science*.
 Conti, Cesare: Italian-American Hustler. *Outing*.
 Converse, F. S.: Composer. F. W. Coburn. *World To-day*.
 Cornwall, England, Land's End at. Arthur Symons. *Harper*.
 Country Local Improvement Societies. E. E. Rexford. *Outing*.
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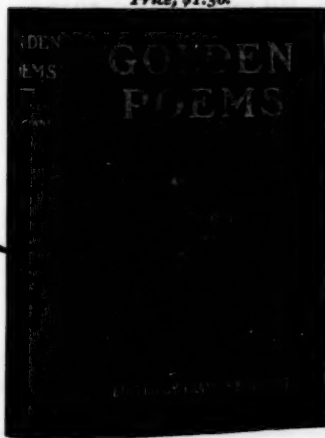
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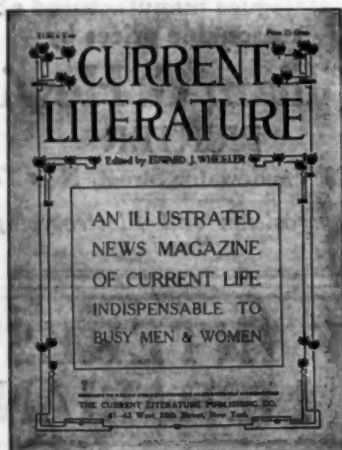
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